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This Hate

Jean Valentine

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THIS HATE

It is like a fitting-room only
with eight or nine mirrors
instead of three—

only, no door.

But you see: no ceiling. They never do.

I love them, my mother, my daughter. Both. I do, and I can write it
out and seal it

but it hurts, the mirrors closing in.

Now: the stamp.

I have to do this very carefully,
looking up; I feel, you see, the fontanel's gentle
beat at closing.

Carefully now—the shine is blinding—
I have to jump and drop it out, over.

Now I need a skin.

Or maybe this fogging up
transparency is it. Is it?

It feels like yours, more or less;
only for the face.

3 A.M. IN NEW YORK

I have been standing at the edge
of this green field all night.
My hand is sticky with sugar.

The village winks; it thinks it is
the muscle of the world. The heart.
The mouth.

The horse is standing across the field, near the fence.
He doesn't come any closer,
even in the dark, or run away.

Blood memory:
fixed on vacancy:
coming back and back for a sign

the flat of his coat
the shut out of his eye.